

Arbiter's Log

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Summary: The Sanghelli didn't understand the humans they had formed a pact with. He only knew that the Demon was the only one he could truly tolerate. The Spartan will understand just how deep this toleration runs. SLASH Chief/Arbiter

1. Chapter 1

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Arbiter's log:

Staying with the humans is... strange, to say the least.

When they have finally allowed me to see their training activities, I can see similarities to our own. It is hard to go past the knowledge drilled in that they are a sub-species. I still point out the small peculiarities that make them weaker. Not as strong as our Sanghelli race.

But they do have courage.

Honor.

And most of all...

They have HIM.

Arbiter end log.

-0-o-o-

It would have been foolish to think the other wouldn't have noticed

him, so Thel 'Vadum did not try too hard to hide as he watched the former Demon train.

He could tell the Master Chief attempted to ignore him for the few minutes, but eventually just stopped running around the tracks to pointedly glare at him through the golden glow of his visor.

"Something I can help you with?" Master Chief asked gruffly.

Not intimidated at all as the armored warrior approached, the Arbiter merely stood toe to toe with him as he replied, "Just observing human ritual training."

The demon was taller than the rest, but still shorter than the Arbiter by about a foot in the human measuring system. It was strange, for one with such size to hold so much power about him.

"They gave you clearance for that?" The green armored man grunted, clearly unbothered by the height difference.

"Yes, I was recently permitted to observe such practices." Thel 'Vadum acquiesced, rumbling, "But if you prefer I observed elsewhere..."

"Do what you need to." Master Chief waved away the Sanghelli's obvious poke at any discomfort he might be the cause to. He was about to turn back to his training, when the Arbiter stopped him.

"If I may inquire... why do you still sport your battle arraignments?"

Master Chief didn't turn back around, but he did pause momentarily, "I like to be prepared."

Then he continued on with his training.

-o-o-o-

Master Chief's log:

I don't know why UNSC's so trusting. I understand the tactical advantage, but with the Elites there are just too many variables.

They are cunning. Unpredictable.

I believe it is a mistake to let our guard down around them.

The Arbiter has proven himself, during our battles against each other as well as side by side. I trust him more than the rest.

But something still unsettles me.

Something about the way he watches me. Trying to figure something out.

I don't understand.

No, Cortana, I'm not asking him.

No-I... I don't care if that's- no Cortana, this isn't the same thing.

Yes. But the battlefield is different, you can't just-

No. I am not asking him. That's *FINAL*.

Chief out.

-o-o-o-

Master Chief found himself watching the Elite back. The dark skinned warrior was... meditating?

Out of habit, Master Chief had approached from the cover of the trees and brush, their shadows sheltering him from the midday sun. He couldn't help noticing the even rise and fall of the Elite's chest, still broad across without his metallic armor. Making that brand on his chest that much more visible.

"It is a mark of shame." Thel 'Vadum rumbled, eye slightly opening to glance sideways in the Chief's shady corner. Should have known the Arbiter would have senses keener than a hawk's. he had fought next to the warrior for a year or two. Should've known that by now. But the Chief remained in the shade as the Arbiter continued, "For losing the ring to the humans and the Demon."

"I see..."

"I would not have you change a thing. My eyes had been deceived and blinded by the Prophets' Heresy for far too long. Had you not come along and disgraced me..."

Master Chief had never been one to know what to say in these kind of moments. So he merely blundered on, "Well, what's done is done. Good and bad. I never meant for... Ah..." He gestured towards the chest. For a mark that deeply etched into the skin, he could only imagine how long or painful the process must have been.

Arbiter shook his head, "It is as you said. What is done is done. Your fallen comrades... they fought and died well at the ends of our blades, though it was a foolish waste..."

Master Chief glanced skywards in remembrance, acknowledging, "Your people as well..."

They stood in honorary silence for a few moments more, when John was suddenly across the clearing next to the surprised Elite, still slouched in his crossed-legged seat on the grass.

Chief had the sudden urge, reaching out before he realized what he was doing, pausing to ask, "May I...?"

His fingertips were inches from the mark on Thel's chest.

The Arbiter, with a curious tilt of his head, merely nodded.

John didn't know why, or what had provoked him to do such an intimate

request, but found his concentration honed as he traces the pattern on that well muscled chest. So intense was his concentration, he didn't notice Thel Vadum' had practically stopped breathing.

Those black gloved fingertips brought a fire the Elite did not realize existed, to ignite across his skin, trailing in the wake of those skilled hands. One digit more than his own, but touching his with a three tipped grace that belied the warrior's strength and ruthlessness.

The Chief's fingertips burned.

When his gold visor lifted slightly upward to meet that dark gaze, something surged through him. He realized both of them had not taken a breath. This was-

For all his skill and control, he could not make his hand leave the other's chest. He stood as if frozen.

The Arbiter himself was stock still. Mandibles gaping. The Chief was so close. But not close enough.

And it took all his strength not to drag the warrior down and pin him to the ground.

-o-o-o-

Arbiter's log:

You do NOT make such advances without preliminary forethought. The Demon did not make any such indications that he would like to proceed and move our relationship in such a way. To such a level as intimate as his touch would allow.

He retreated afterwards as I have never seen him retreat before. Not against opposing gunfire or against our large Sanghelli forces.

He has been avoiding me since that day.

But with the Forerunners as my witness, I *will* get an answer.

End log.

-o-o-o-

Master Chief avoided all the areas he had encountered the Elite.

He needed time to think.

Something had happened at that clearing. Some boundary had been crossed.

Who knew touching the Arbiter would have such electricity running through him. It was unheard of.

And the way the slack-jawed Elite had looked at him...

Even now it made hair raising shivers run down the Chief's spine.

-::You can't keep avoiding him, you know...::-

"Cortana, this UNSC'S base networks through the entire colony of this planet. I am highly trained in covert ops and have pulled off hundreds of successful missions. I *can* avoid him." Master Chief deadpanned.

-::Chief,::- The AI started to berate, -::that doesn't mean you should-::-

"Sorry Cortana, time for your routine exam." Chief interrupted, detaching her chip and hastily plugging it into the table side console. Her blue image suddenly appeared, none-too-happy with arms crossed and foot tapping as he quickly departed, "See you in a day or two."

-::Chief, he excelled in covert ops too, ya know.::- Cortana sighed in frustration as the door slid shut behind him, definitely not paying attention to her warning.

Master Chief, on the other hand, was busy walking quickly through the corridors, head down but attention everywhere at once.

He was scheduled to leave the planet on a mission in another three days.

All he had to do was avoid the other for just a little bit longer-

Shit!

Chief quickly ducked into a connecting hallway, startling a few marines in the process. He nodded in response to their salutes, watching them go on their way before peeking around the bend.

It was just as he feared.

The gleam of the metallic armor, the towering build of that particular Elite.

The Arbiter.

How had he found him?

2. Chapter 2

No time to think.

To ask useless questions. Chief simply turned and walked at a quick pace in the opposite direction, hoping that the Elite hadn't seen his head poking around the corner.

He had faced masses of Covenant, a Brute task force, Tarturus himself and hordes of flood. But he was currently experiencing a fear unmatched in proportion. This was not a problem he could just fight off, and shoot at until it was dead. Not something he could just blow sky high. This had something to do within himself.

And the prospect of facing such turmoil within, something only

described as *feeling*, something that he had been told to disregard since he was raised and prodded by scientists in his Spartan training, it was...

Terrifying.

And he just wanted it all to go away.

The closest thing he had to a relationship was with his AI, and that had developed more into a sibling or parental closeness more than anything else.

When he was far enough down the next hallway, he casually turned his head to the side and glanced back. The muscled arbiter was easily spotted a few yards behind him. Almost as easy to pick out from a crowd of UNSC soldiers and workers as a green armored Spartan.

Chief cursed out loud and dove into an all out sprint, the Sanghelli following suit immediately after him. The crowds barely parted in time before them.

-o-o-o-

Master Chief had made a mistake. Took a wrong turn into an unfamiliar part of the base in an unfamiliar building whose only other exit was through a malfunctioning door that refused to open. It's interior mechanisms were oddly sparking.

Chief pivoted towards the way he had come, hoping against all odds that the Elite had not followed him this far.

But all in vain as the ebony skinned Sanghelli appeared at the opening of the unused room, appearing winded, but looking smug as he slowed his pace to prowling at his spot before the only exit. The room didn't even have windows.

"Why did you run?"

"Why did you follow me?" John snapped back, guard and hackles raised.

"I've been scouting this human terrain for quite a while. Strange how a few missing components can make a door jam and refuse to open." Thel mentioned conversationally.

Realizing he had been purposely chased here didn't do anything to lighten John's mood.

"I found you after discovering your AI was due for scheduled maintenance. I knew you would go to the one place to do that. Knew you could not avoid me there."

"I was not avoiding you." Chief denied.

"As I was not gathering intelligence and planning my move, awaiting your guard to be lowered days before a scheduled mission." The Elite smirked with a twist of mandibles. He suddenly turned serious as he started his approach. He watched through the golden visor before him as a million different calculations geared through that Spartan head. A million different ways to either temporarily, or permanently

disable the Sanghelli to get through to the only working door. He warned with a rumbling thrum, "And if you think to get past me, simply know how long I have awaited this moment. Prepared. I am just as combat advanced as you in every form. Have fought against and beside you long enough to know your every move. Know you well enough that you would not decapitate me as it would threaten our human, Sanghelli alliance. Know this, before executing your next move, and know I will be ready as well to counter."

The Arbiter was just full of surprises. Cunning. Just as the Chief had feared. He stood stock still for a moment, debating following through with the takedown. But he could read the energy wired through the Sanghelli's sinewy form. Muscles only enhanced by the deadly beauty of his alien armor.

The Arbiter didn't relax his guard more than a fraction when Master Chief finally decided, his own charged form deflating in resignation.

With a large exhale, John asked, "What do you want, Arbiter?"

The Elite didn't stop moving forward until he was an arms-length away, head tilted as he inquired, "Why have you been avoiding me, Demon?"

Master Chief crossed his arms, "I don't know what you're--"

The cobalt-clad Sanghelli took another step, the distance between them now a matter of breaths, "WHY. Have you been *avoiding* me?"

As much as his battle-ready senses called for retreat, Chief stood his ground, glaring upward to that narrowed beady gaze slouching downwards.

"There is nothing I want to discuss with you." Chief stated stubbornly.

"I am NOT asking what you *want* to discuss with me." The Arbiter warned, breath causing a slight fog to appear across the Demon's visor, "I am demanding."

Master Chief bristled, jaw locked clenched as he growled, "*Demand* all you want, Arbiter. I am not *telling* you a damn--"

He should have known the visual impairment was a tactical response. Preparation for the next flurry of movement that had the Chief breathless and slammed hard back against a wall. Arbiter's hand grasped his chestplate, body wedged between the Chief's legs, pinning the Spartan to immobility against the wall, dangling a foot or so from the ground. The Elite had smartly pinned one of the Chief's arms behind his own back, the free arm held above that helmeted head with a strong four-fingered grip.

"*WHAT* do you think you are DOING?" Master Chief spat, knowing how vulnerable this position was and despising every moment of it.

"Trying to get a straight answer from *you*. For once." The Arbiter retorted, voice as equally upset, if not more.

He was met only with angry silence.

The Arbiter was just as much at a loss as the Demon was. He had sensed the inklings, something about their time together in the battlefield... He had sensed something...

MORE.

He had heard of Battle bonds. Forged in danger, honed in fighting together for your very survival. It was not uncommon among the warrior class. More difficult to obtain when you were higher ranked, as Arbiter was originally. Not too much time spent fighting with someone of equal caliber on the field. But possible, nonetheless.

And from what he had observed from a human standpoint, homosexuality existed, but was not quite discussed or favored in the military ranks.

These grounds must be new to tread upon for the Demon.

It would most definitely explain his reluctance to address the matter.

But Thel refused to let the Spartan just walk away from this one. Not without getting some sort of closure.

"Did you..." The Sanghelli struggled for the right words, "*feel* anything? Anything at all in the clearing. Perhaps even before then? Between... us?"

Master Chief just gaped at him pointedly. He shifted his trapped body in discomfort, before allowing a nearly silent, "...no..." slip through.

"By the Forerunners, do you ever stop being so hard headed?" The Sanghelli growled.

"Were Cortana here, she could tell you." Chief retorted sharply, "If you release me, I'll show you just how hard headed I can be."

The Arbiter huffed, seeing he would be getting nowhere from this approach. You didn't run head on from the front of a Hunter with a loading cannon. You don't walk in a straight line into a clearing with a jackal sniper in the brush. And you most certainly could not get the Demon to admit something by getting him riled up. Not in anger.

He would just have to try a different approach.

Master Chief noticed the change in demeanor instantly, his visor tilted as he pulled back.

"There is something called a battle bond in our culture Demon. Have you heard of this?" The Arbiter's voice had changed, his mandibles moving subtly, his voice drawing rich and deep in a purr.

Chief did not know what the Elite spoke of, but didn't sound as though he liked where this was headed, "Uh... No...?"

Arbiter pressed deep suddenly, body pressed so closely against the Demon that no space could fit between them. Chief didn't realize until that moment just how snugly the suit fit around him. Around all of him, including his private parts. The fact that the Arbiter had wedged himself in between his legs made it that much more difficult to ignore the increase in movement and pressure in that area. He choked back his surprising response to this heated move, a moan wanting to rip its way from his throat. His back wanted to arch. But he bit it back, forcing his body rigid.

Thankfully the Elite didn't seem to notice. At least not yet.

The Arbiter drew his head closer until he was nearly draped over the other, mandibles flicking right next to the earpiece of that hard green helmet. He continued in a murmured, low tone, as though divulging a secret, "They are forged in the heat of battle. Most of the time unbeknownst to either until then. There is... a connection. Deeper than anything they've ever known or felt."

Arbiter shifted. Being so close, it was hard for the Spartan not to react. He bit his lip to stifle any sounds. But he could feel the hardening of interest in his lower parts that he thought extinguished. He thought the good doctors and scientists augmented any sort of sexual drive away, seeing it as unnecessary to mission success. Or rather, they had focused the same drive on fighting and keen senses. He wished they hadn't made his body so sensitive.

His pinned hand behind his back tightened into a fist, drawing on all his reserves on not reacting. Not making a sound.

"Sometimes, they don't agree. Sometimes they fight. But in fact, that is usually the heart of it. THAT is what makes it all the sweeter when one of them *submits*." That sinful baritone was doing things to John's senses. The heat of that strong body was seeping through their armor. Those words were just as provocative. And this time around, when the Elite shifted with a strong thigh kneading against his growing arousal, he didn't quite bite back the escaped moan in time.

It would have been comical, the Sanghelli's sudden response, the Arbiter pulling his head back so fast he should've had whiplash. The Elite looked him up and down, suddenly taking in their positions. The trembling of the Demon's body as he tried in vain not to let his troubles be known. The way that helmet was tilted slightly up, as though his eyes were scrunched closed, his hands clenched tight and his breathing ragged.

The Arbiter felt his cock spring to immediate attention, suddenly very constricted in his cod piece. It took all his strength not to rip the armor right off the other man's body and pound him against the wall. It irked him that the Demon tried to hide his reactions from him, but at the same time it made him harder. This was good. If this is how well the Demon's body responded in the beginning, with the soldier still fighting the bond, he could only imagine later...

This time the Sanghelli thrust his body against the trapped heat of the other with full intentions of drawing out another, exquisite, moan. Louder this time. The Arbiter grinned and took his place once more next to the Demon's ear, "The things I would do to you..."

without this armor between us..."

Master Chief shuddered, though he couldn't quite tell if it was in fear, or anticipation. From the sudden swelling of his own cock, he had a feeling his traitorous body knew. Either way, this had to stop.

"Arbiter..." Chief started in low warning tones, "we cannot-gah!"

The Elite had rolled his hips, enjoying the way he was able to make the other's body wrack in pleasure, a gasp wrenching itself from those denying lips.

"Oh no? Funny, all I hear from your lips is denial, while it is your body that truly sings and admits." Thel Vadum' smirked, grinding once more and loving every moment of it as the Chief continued to moan and gasp and arch. He could sense the other trying to stifle it once more, and merely purred, "Do not fight it so hard. Don't hold back. It is just us here. As it was on the battlefield. Allow me to bring your body to completion."

Master Chief shook his head, heel slamming in the wall as he tried to create leverage to pull away from the madness, he growled, "I do NOT submit to just anyone."

The Arbiter thought fast, grabbing that stubborn leg and hooking it around his waist, diffusing the escape and bringing their throbbing heat that much closer together. Master Chief cried out at that move, arching into that broad armored chest, pleasure rippling through him with more intensity. The Arbiter had pulled the other higher with that move, the arm he held pinned higher, that narrow waist just slightly above his own, making entry perfect were they not both clothed, and that offered collarbone perfect for his mandibles to tease as he leaned forward to state in a confident murmur, "I think we *both* know *I*... am not just ANYONE."

Before the Chief could make his denial audible, he was suddenly carried away in a torrent of moans and pleasure as the Arbiter began a rhythm. Thrusting and grinding and wishing that tight hole was not protected in that Spartan armor. He rolled his strong hips, drinking in every escaped cry and pleased sounds that would filter through that gold-visored helmet. Every arch of that green-clad chest into his own just made him want to wrap his arm around the small of that back, toss the other hard into the ground, and control the pace down there as he continued to pound into him.

It took everything in him to refrain. He wanted the Demon. Very badly. He wanted to take him. Claim him. Mark him. And make him his in every way on every surface possible. The Demon knew this. His body cried out for it. Wanted it so bad.

But his mind... So stubborn and in need of sustenance denied for so long.

He would have to wait.

Show the Demon what he would be missing.

Let him decide.

And when it was time, he would relish being able to fuck him to oblivion every moment of every single day and night.

3. Chapter 3

The room was very dim. The malfunctioning door sparking, while the other remained tightly shut.

The two occupants in the room were breathing hard. Master Chief still could hardly believe the other had bested him. The fact that Thel had been a previous Commander, then completed what few Arbiter's could, *survive*, did not lessen the blow any to his pride and ego.

He struggled in his position up against the wall. One arm still pinned behind his back, the other held captive by the Sanghelli's strong grip, and his thigh grasped firmly around the other's waist.

The constant thrusting and grinding was pushing the Spartan closer to the edge. His armor's interior functions fighting to keep his core temperature down.

"Arbiter... gah, you must -ngh- stop this." Master Chief tried to dissuade the other.

"My name, Demon, is Thel Vadum'." The Arbiter responded, distracted by the amazing sight before him. The powerful Spartan, bent to his will and need by a few heated motions he murmured, "Try asking again."

"Not asking." Master Chief's eyes flashed, "Stop this Thel."

"I will not, John. Not until I have made my point." Thel growled.

"I think you've made your point." Chief bit back, "Release me, Thel. NOW."

"As you wish, John." Vadum' smirked, speeding up the pace, loving the strangled moan that arose behind that golden visor. The sudden tautness of the Demon's solid form, as though the armor neither protected his body from the Sanghelli's darker desires, nor separated their clothed forms, was perfect. The green helm banged back against the wall once more, John cursing. The Arbiter felt he should explain, his mandibles drawing near to that helmet, voice dripping with nearly satisfied need as he murmured, "Ah, but there is more to this Battle bond. You become hyperaware of the other's presence in the battlefield. Attuned to them, if you will. But it carries across to more areas -more places- than just the heat of battle. They usually end up sharing a bed, or sharing their bedmates if they are paired already. But that is not the interesting part."

Master Chief cried out at a particularly deep thrust of armored hip into his armored core, his own armor scraping into the wall behind him, the gel interior molding and bringing more pressure against his hardened cock, the angle making it seem as though the Sanghelli was really driving into his entrance. Those mandibles played down near his neck, no armor there, merely strengthened rubber material to allow his head to twist and turn. He gasped as the mandibles

playfully nipped and nibbled, the Arbiter continuing sinfully, "The interesting part is, that usually there is no even consensus on which will dominate. And which will *submit*. Albeit I believe in our case it is quite obvious who will be driving into whom."

"Not a chance in hell." Master Chief bit out, tugging against his restraint, head turning to glare golden visor down at the cobalt helm.

"Demon..." The Arbiter rebuked, stilling his movements as he pressed close, "Does your hardened rod pulse to think of my large shaft rammed unforgivingly into your exposed entrance? Does heat build up, a tightness growing in your belly -your very loins- when you picture just how I will hold you down and *force* you to submit while I pound into you until we both cum? Does your very cock leak and glisten to think of just how deep I will take that wet shaft into my own throat, and suckle until you burst and I drain you of all your juices? Because my body does all of that. And that is with simply *thinking* about it."

John could barely breath. He was so hard right now he doubted he would last too long if the Sanghelli chose to continue his ministrations. His chest was heaving, the movement made obvious with how close his armored chest was to the Elite before him. He glanced down at his covered parts, glaring at them accusatorially, almost, before making eye contact with that intense black gaze.

"Thel..." Chief's voice cracked with his adamant denial of his need, "don't-"

But the Arbiter cut him off, purring, "Don't push you over the edge? Tell me, Demon. How *hard* is your thick cock right now? Hmm? What if I were to rock my hips, like so?"

Master Chief cried out, body quivering. Trembling. As he was pushed closer. The grip on his free hand above his head tightened. The other hand holding his own thigh wrapped around the other's pushed him open wider. Making his vulnerable core more accessible to that covered, pulsing shaft that certainly wanted to do more things to him than it could at the moment.

"Tell me, how much longer do you think you will last?" Thel Vadum' rumbled, muscled body shaking and trembling from holding back. Wanting nothing more than to pound into that desirable body. Make the Demon scream his name.

"Please, Thel..." That normally stoic voice grunted, breathless. And it hardened Arbiter's shaft like no other, to hear the closest thing he ever heard to the Demon begging. Chief struggled to keep his countenance and demeanor, grunting and panting, "S-sto... Can't -ah- can't last... much longer..."

When Chief managed to pry his eyes open behind his faceless mask, he sorely wished he didn't as he saw the all consuming need and determination in the Arbiter's eyes. The way that gaze wanted to engulf him and memorize every little detail. Of his armor and more.

When the Arbiter was sure they were making eye contact, he nodded with a satisfied smirk that brought shivers up and down the Spartan's

spine, his voice a raspy growl that sounded as though it had been pent up too long, "*GOOD*."

Warning bells rung in the Spartan's head. But too late.

Thel released his hold on the Demon's leg and hand, to get better leverage and grip on the wall itself, not needing to hold the Chief up as his body was enough. Chief's hand barely had time to scrabble for its own purchase on the wall before the Elite began rutting and pounding so hard into him that the wall began to crack with each thrust.

The jolts of intense pleasure ripped moan after raw moan from the Spartan's throat, his shaking thighs pushing wider apart of their own accord, allowing the armored Sanghelli deeper access. More pressure. More heat. More of Thel.

"D-damn it, Thel!" Chief cursed, head hitting back against the wall, the surface of it becoming more damaged, his coiling heat spiraling closer to his end. He wasn't oblivious to the grunts and sounds of the other, determined to drive him over the edge. And just as his own sounds sounded delectable to the Elite, the Arbiter's barely audible grunts and moans spurred his climax that much closer and faster.

Before he knew it the piston movements of those rippling Sanghelli hips drove hard against his twice more before shuddering, Master Chief and the Arbiter releasing their loads at once, both giving a sharp guttural cry at their peaks. The thick wall cracked more as their hands gripped their respective holds enough to gouge a shallow crater in each spot. They both saw white as their visual senses were temporarily overloaded with the flood of pleasure and the climax of the stimulation. Master Chief had never reached such a peak before, never having had bed partners or having learned to do it solo. Augmentation and rigid Spartan training never gave time for that. And Thel?

Thel Vadum' had never cum harder in his life.

And that had been with their armor on.

With a shaky breath, the Arbiter lowered the Demon so he could get his own footing, then stepped back. The Spartan looked worse for wear, but was able to stand. It didn't look like John would be attacking him anytime soon.

But Arbiter took another two steps back anyway. Looking like he was staring at a ghost.

But it was worse than that.

Thel Vadum' had found him. Found the *one*. No one else had ever made him feel this way. Ever made his desire to mate and rut so unquenchable. This Battle bond was deep. Too deep. This must be the Arbiter's other half.

Which means, even should he *find* someone else, should Chief reject him and force him to look elsewhere... NO ONE would *ever* compare. It would never be the same. Never as intense.

Never as connected as it could be...

...with John...

Chief felt like he spent the last hour running from a Scarab from one end of the planet to the other. His legs shook so much he was surprised he still stood. Automatically, he had his suit make the necessary adjustments, tightening around key areas in the traitorous limbs to hide just how much they trembled. It was better focusing on details he could control, tasks he was more accustomed to, than to try and decipher the goings on of his *mind* then and there. What had happened should have made his temper flare. Should have had his weapon drawn and threats tumbling from his mouth. But what had happened...

...had been nothing short of *amazing*.

But of course that wasn't something Chief was willing to admit ever, if anytime soon.

So even though the Elite couldn't see his face, he fixed a glare under his helm and jerked his visor up to look at the other warrior in the room. Only for his hardened glare to falter.

There was something about Thel. A look on the Elite's face. The only word to describe it was heartbreaking. But it was gone in an instant, making Chief wonder if he had really seen it in the first place.

The Arbiter's cocky gaze was back, though that grin seemed strained. As though the Sanghelli was barely stopping himself from grabbing the Spartan and doing it all over again. Which immediately had John on the defensive. The Chief's reaction did make the Sanghelli chuckle, if a little darkly.

"I have made my intentions known, Demon. You will find my temporary quarters on the lower East side of the 4th Alpha quadrant on this planet. I will... abstain from making further advances until I have your answer." The Arbiter rumbled. And just like that, he turned and left.

Master Chief was left speechless. Could the Arbiter really have lost that much of an edge on his control? Because of John? And whatever *this* was between them?

As he exited the building moments later, a technician was on his way in.

Master Chief stopped him briefly, "Don't mind the wall. We... had a disagreement."

The technician was left scratching his head and shrugging as the Spartan left, not knowing who would be able to survive after a fight with the Chief. Though he did end up dropping his toolbox when he finally went in. The wall had been a mix of concrete and steel. But the crater and the breaks along the wall made it seem like chunks of dried flour.

The Spartan was polishing his gun, reminiscing the war and everything in between.

He remembered how he almost shot the Arbiter up through his unprotected jaw when they found the Spartan. What a mistake that would have been, considering what they were able to accomplish as allies.

Taking down the Prophets. Taking down Gravemind. The Flood. Saving Cortana and stopping the activation of the Ark.

Basically saving every life form in the universe.

Together.

Honestly, he didn't know what to think right now.

-o-o-o-

Thel was leaning over a desk, panting.

Images kept flashing through his head. The Demon against the wall, under his mercy. The touch of the Spartan. The sounds of his moans.

His hands gripped the edges of the table so hard they crumpled like putty under his hold.

All he wanted was to go out there. Find him. And fuck that green armored body to the Rings and back. To feel that Demon form fight and submit under him. Make the Chief cum so many times he could barely stand.

Thel Vadum's entire body shook.

No. He couldn't do that. Not yet.

With a suppressed and seriously frustrated growl, he ripped the shelf from its permanent fixture on the floor, bolts and chunks of carpet and metal flying past, as he threw the whole thing to the other side of the room. It landed with a crash and shook the quarters.

But Arbiter didn't care.

He turned to the next thing to uproot and destroy, to distract him from the urge to find the Demon and make him rightfully his.

-o-o-o-

Master Chief found himself wandering aimlessly.

He had no orders and no Cortana to distract him. So it had just been a long dragging day of thinking.

Which he despised.

He was a man of action. He did things without thought, going off of instinct and training alone. So this whole... ordeal with the Elite.

It did not sit well in his mind.

He found his feet taking him to the one place he did where this all started. The clearing.

And he was halfway into it before he realized he was not alone.

The Arbiter was sitting there. Same spot.

Still as a rock.

Because he knew the Spartan had stumbled in.

Seriously thinking to do an about face and hightail it outta there, Master Chief halted in his tracks.

But the Arbiter's voice cut through the sudden tension in the air, "Have you thought about it, Demon?"

Reflexively scratching his head -pointless really with his armor- John admitted, "*Still* thinking about it. Actually."

"What is there to think about?" That dark gaze was piercing as it shot his way, hitting its mark past the Spartan gear and making a shiver run down his spine. That look alone threatened to consume him, and he could see the clear signs of struggle the Sanghelli currently faced, trying not to get up and approach him.

"Everything." Chief said pointedly.

"You... have never been in a relationship, have you Demon?" A calculating look crossed the Sanghelli's face.

"No comment." Master Chief answered, voice and hidden face a mask.

But the Arbiter was not put off. If anything, he looked more interested. Curious. He started slowly, "Did you not find out interaction... satisfactory?"

The Spartan grew rigid. Glad for the protection and cover of his armor, sure from the way his face heated up that his cheeks burned at the question. He looked away, repeating adamantly, "No comment."

"Stubbornness is a great quality in an adversary. But we are not foes here. Not anymore." Thel stated, standing. He watched as the Spartan stiffened even more at the movement, fingers twitching, as though to reach for his sidearm. The other's uncharacteristic nervousness made him smirk.

The Demon may not have answered his questions verbally, but he knew the truth. And it was endearing to know how such a tantalizing prospect as them, being together more intimately, affected the Demon. The Sanghelli made no move to come closer as he continued, "I make no idle promises. So know this, Demon, should you agree with this. With us. I will show you pleasures you have not seen nor experienced before. I will take you to heights unimagined, only to bring you back to the brink again. And again. Your only regret will be not taking advantage of this sooner."

Master Chief just stood there, speechless. He honestly did not know what to say in response to that. Being a Spartan, everyone else was simply too afraid to approach him. Too afraid to offer. The Arbiter was obviously none of these.

If anything his boldness, his forwardness, it stirred a heat in him he had not known existed.

"I... see." John finally managed, after clearing his suddenly dry throat.

The Sanghelli merely watched him, amused and forcedly patient, as the Demon nodded and quickly made his retreat.

-o-o-o-

"Sergeant Johnson."

"Chief! Long time no see!" The black soldier greeted in his usual upbeat attitude. It had been touch and go after their visit to the Ark, but the stubborn man had made it. Alive. Just barely.

"What do you know about... relationships?" John asked hesitantly.

"Ho ho ho, son. You tellin' me you got hooked up with some pretty little female tail?" Sergeant Johnson slapped his thigh, "Well I'll be damned. We've only been on the reserve for four days!"

"Not quite, Sergeant. And... I was thinking more... along the lines of two guys-"

The cigar dropped completely out of the black man's mouth as he shouted, "Oh no, nuh uh! It apparently has NOT been long enough. You got me confused with some damn re-relationship counselor or some bull."

"Sir, I was just wondering-"

"Nope! We are most definitely NOT talking 'bout this!"

"-if you *knew* anything about-"

At which point the Sarge stuck his fingers in his ears, singing "La, la, la, not listening!" in an off key way, as he pointedly turned and left in another direction.

Master Chief stared after him, stumped.

Was it something he said?

-o-o-o-

The door barely opened.

"Took you long enough." A deep voice nearly snarled, before a large hand grasped his chestplate and bodily jerked him inside. Master Chief had to restrain his automatic reaction, wanting to counter the bold grab with a pivot or a flip, or just plain breaking the bone.

That usually worked.

But he was not in a battlefield. And no matter how fast his heart was racing, this was still a choice he had made.

"You don't even know my answer." Chief, amused, stated as he was dragged through the room.

"Don't need to. You're here. That's enough for me."

"What happened here?" Chief noted, surprised as he took in the state of the room.

"Restraint. To stop myself from going out, finding you, ripping your armor off and fucking you to the ground in front of everyone."

Chief found it difficult to swallow, picturing how that would have gone down. "That bad, huh?"

"Yes." Arbiter leveled him with a serious glare, "Considering I don't share. Ever."

Chief shrugged, "Me neither."

"Good."

"I'm not going to make this easy for you, you do realize that?"

There was a hidden gleam in the look the Arbiter shot him, pleased, "Good."

"And like I said before. I don't submit to anyone."

Arbiter grinned, "We'll see about that."

Within an instant, Chief found himself stunned, having been flung back into the wall to daze him. Arbiter immediately went to work. He must have done his homework, because he had the Spartan chest plate armor and both arm plates unclasped and laying useless on the floor before Chief could blink.

He moved to stop the Sanghelli, but the
>Arbiter countered by plastering himself over the Chief like a blanket, busy mandibles nibbling any exposed area of skin he could find while the other played dirty and went straight for the crotch. The Spartan gasped at the sensations. He wasn't used to being touched, much less caressed and stroked across his bare skin. And apparently the Arbiter had a pointed fixation in touching every inch of him that he could.<p>

"You're still... Ngh... overdressed." Chief managed past a pleasurable hiss as the Elite nibbled on his pectorals.

Thel looked back up at him with a shadowed gaze, "We will get to that, soon enough. Presently, you should be more concerned with what I am going to do to you before that point. How much stamina does a Spartan have?"

"I don't see how that's relevant-" Chief started to say suspiciously,

before his remaining leg suit and boots suddenly dropped to the floor, leaving him entirely naked except for his helmet. The Spartan looked quickly down, then back up as he said a delayed, "...Oh."

"Hmm, 'oh' indeed." The Sanghelli purred, eyes greedily raking over the perfectly sculpted form as he hovered inches from the other, palms flat on the wall at either side of the suddenly silent Demon.

Not to be outgunned in any form, Chief used the distraction, which had a red flush blossom along his skin at the intense admiration, to throw himself at the Arbiter, managing to unclasp and take off that pesky chest plate armor. Before it even clanked to the floor, the Elite pivoted and rammed the Spartan up against an overturned desk, the flat underside now horizontal and perfect to shove that vulnerable body against. Not to mention the jutting out legs easily caged them in, the Spartan needing nothing short of physically shoving him backwards in order to get away.

The familiar sting of getting his back slammed was offset by the not so familiar pleasure spiking from his freed cock being ground against the now naked lower abdomen of the Elite.

The Elite spread him open, insatiable as he finally rammed his wet aching cock inside. It was hard, the Demon had made it so difficult. But it was well worth it.

The Arbiter cried out just as loud as the Demon. He wasn't going to go easy on the Spartan. He had warned him. And the Chief had merely smirked. The Elite felt his heart melt as he was able to actually see that smirk on that handsome face, rather than feel it resonate from behind a green and golden mask.

John called out Thel Vadum's name, voice choking with the sudden fullness, and it spurred the other to drive harder into him.

Even now, the other fought, trying to pull himself off of that pulsating rod. With an angry snarl, Thel grabbed John's bare hips, and unforgivingly thrust himself back in. Deep enough to hit that special bundle of nerves and make the Demon cum on the spot.

John was gasping, looking at Thel with wonder. He had never come so suddenly, so powerfully before without warning.

"Oh, there is more." Thel promised, voice thick with lust and confidence.

He started up again, the pace just as hard, just as fast. Just as relentless. And he would take him across every surface, going once around the room against the wall, on the floor, at one point he had the Spartan clinging to the banister, before finally ending up with the Chief forcefully slammed into the bed.

Chief arched and writhed on the sheets, feeling the Arbiter angling his descent, trying to hit that spot again. When he did the Spartan came with a white hot sensation, Thel's name pouring from his lips as his load released once more from his aching shaft. Thel growled, drinking in the sounds. The sights. Memorizing the angle and the position of the nerves. He rammed into his Spartan again and again,

making the Demon quiver and cum more times than either could keep track of. And as promised, the Arbiter pounded into the demon well into the night and even into the predawn light. As the Spartan reached his peak over and over again, thighs trembling and cock feeling spent after each release but rising to the occasion with the insatiable skill of the Sanghelli, both discovered the stamina of the Demon to be great indeed.

But not nearly so great as the Arbiter's unquenchable thirst

End
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